





The Parliaments praise, reforming our bad wayes.

H Y B E R N I A E L A C H R Y M A E

Or, a sad contemplation on the bleeding condition of I R E L A N D.

To the Honourable and excellently well accomplished Sir John Clowesworthy Knight, and Collonel.

I Shall not here Sir, polish or repeat
The story of your worth, nor tell how great
You are in goodnesse as in fame; how immense
In your mindes faire Republique; how propense
Indulgent nature hath been of her store,
By enriching you, thus to make others poore:
These as essentiall Truths, I might infer,
From each Comma raise your Character;
But these soft layes I leave to such soft wits
Whoteach their Muse the trade of Parasits,
To bombast easie greatnesse with, and please
Their pampard Patrons with Hyperboles.
My Muse weares no such masque, nor can her Rime
Lackey or hold opinion with the time,
Invited hither to performe that due
Tribute of thanks she owes, and owes to you;
To you best Sir, who have a witness been
Of what she writes, to you Sir, who have scene
Those Tragedies she treats of, and have knowne
The losses of great Ulster in your owne.
Then since she's thus inspired, she humbly prays
To let her Iwie waite upon your Bayes.

V P sad Melpomene, up and condole
The Ruines of a Realme, attire thy soule
In sorrowes dresse; O let thy fountaines rise
And overflow the floodgates of thine eyes:
Fill up thy sanguine Cisternes to the brim,
Spread forth thy expanded armes, and strive to swim
In thine owne teares, that so thou may'st make knowne
The griefe of others fully as thine owne:
Oh! heere's a Theame indeed, if Mortals could
Not now lament, the Rocks and Mountaines would,
The melting Heavens whose influences steep,
The stubborn stone would teach us how to weepe;
The Blood-imbrued Earth doth blush to see
Such horrid Massakers; and shall not we?
Sure shuld we not, we had lesse sense then those
Hard hearts who were first Authors of these woes.
Disastrous State! How beautifull, how faire
Thy Buildings, and how foule thy Vices were:
How were thy glorious blossomes turn'd to dust,
And blasted with the lightning of thy lust?
Brim'd with excesse, how did thy cups o'reflow
Faster then all thy trickling teares doe now?
How did thy crimes eclipse thee (and crying loud
For vengeance) masque thy forehead in a cloud?
Thy greatnesse but encreas'd thy fall, and that
Which was thy glory, usher'd on thy fate,
Thy wealth and plenty have but centuplyd
Thy greater plagues, and made the wound more wide,
And what should most revive thee, and restore
Thine health, hath serv'd t' exulcerate the sore.
Thy stately Forrests, which did once invite
The eye t' a feast of wonder and delight,
Prov'd but thy Funerall Faggots to consume
Thy glory, and t' exaggerate thy doome,

Whilst all thy blazing Territories have
But Torchet been, to light thee to thy Grave.
And shall she perish, and we languish thus?
And is there none t' helpe her, or succour us?
Shall she pine thus unpitied? shall her griefe
Thus dayly finde a voyce, but no reliefe?
O happy England! which wilt scarce confesse,
(Lull'd within a lethargy) this happinesse:
Thy troubles were but triuall, and thy feares
But meere Fancies compar'd with hers.
'Tis she, 'tis she hath sufferd, and drunk up
Those dreggs whereof thou hast only kis'd the cup:
Those puny plagues which partially have met
In thee, have been so ample, so compleat,
And numerous in her, that nothing more
Could once be heap'd or added to the score.
But ah! complaints are shaddowes, and too brieft
T' expresse or show the substance of thy griefe:
And such whose fancy strives to utter it,
Shew not so much their sorrow as their wit:
Thou that wert once great Britaines chiefe glory,
Art now become a gazing stock, a story
Exil'd from humane helps, and heavenly smiles
O'rewhelm'd, and sepulchred in thine owne spoyle.
How doth black fate environ thee about?
That hope cannot get in, nor horror out.
Famine thou sister of the sword, and son
Of Death, how many worlds hast thou undone?
How dost thou tyrannize, and keepe thy Leets,
And constant stations in her open streets?
Oh! how the palefaced sucklings roare for food,
And from their milklesse mothers breast draw blood.
They cryd for bread that had scarce breath to cry,
And wanting meanes to live, found meanes to dye.
The Father gasps his last, and to his Heire
Bequeathes his pined corps, the Nurles teare
And quarter out their Infants, whilst they feast
Upon the one halfe, and preserve the rest:
O cruel Famine! which compells the Mother
To kill one starved child to feede another.
Thus is thy glory vanish in a trice,
And all thy pomp lies burid in Abyss:
Thy joys are turned to sorrows, backt with teares,
Whilst thou, poore thou, li'st pickled up in teares:
Yet be thou ner'e dismayd with boundlesse sorrow
These Nights of griefe may find a joyfull Morrow.
Cleare then thy clouded countenance, and calme
Thy discomposed looks; Heaven, Heaven, hath Balme
As well as thunder-bolts, and be thou sure
Thou canst not bleed so fast as he can cure.
'Tis he, 'tis he can heale thee, and crush those
That have insulted in thine overthrowes.
And thou proud Prelate (whose ambitiousnesse
A triple Diadem can scarch depresse;
Prostrate at whose proud footsteps, Legions lye,
And fall as low as Hell to keepe thee high)
Shalt one day be subjected too, with all
Those Complices tryumphant in thy fall
Sad Realme! A day there is when Heavens decree
Shall call them to account as well as thee;
And the time will come (if Souldiers may divine)
To worke their ruine that have thus wrought thine.

FINIS.

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& tongues true prayes sing,
d our Caelestiall King.

for Thomas Bankes, and
1642.

FINIS.

So long as thou shalt here prolong our days.

I nat thou maist inew the brightnesse of thy race

